

Packs grew smaller and lighter with each day of the hike. When soldiers start on a long hike with full equipment, the law of self-preservation soon asserts itself.

There are certain commands that were repeated so often, I suppose they will ring in our ears until our dying day. "Keep on the right of the road," "Cover in file," "Keep step," "Dress up," "Fall out on the right of the road (smoke, if you wish)," "Shake it up," "I'll be — —. Get th' hell out o' there. Double time." There were many others, but these are enough to remind us of certain "hard boiled" officers and non. coms. The army is one place where a man is certainly not his own boss.

Thanksgiving came while we were on the long hike. That Thanksgiving will be remembered mostly for what we didn't have and didn't do in contrast to what we had had and had done on previous Thanksgivings. The Y. M. C. A. sent us some candy and cigars, which were badly needed and thoroughly enjoyed. It is said Company H celebrated the day with a keg of vin rouge. Extras for a big Thanksgiving dinner were out of the question. During the hike it was difficult for the mess sergeants to get even the regular supplies. But they did not forget us and as soon as we got settled in our new training area, they prepared a real Thanksgiving dinner with turkey.